Vol. I of X SEP 88 $2.00 US/$2.95 CAN
V FOR VENDETTA
by Alan Moore and David Lloyd
Suggested For Mature Readers
Lloyd

I began *V for Vendetta*

in the summer of 1981, during a working holiday upon the Isle of Wight. My youngest daughter, Amber, was a few months old. I finished it in the late winter of 1988, after a gap in publishing of nearly five years from the discontinuation of England's *Warrior* Magazine, its initial home. Amber is now seven. I don't know why I mentioned that. It's just one of those unremarkable facts that strike you suddenly, with unexpected force, so that you have to go and sit down.

Along with Marvelman (now Miracleman), *V for Vendetta* represents my first attempt at a continuing series, begun at the outset of my career. For this reason, amongst others, there are things that ring oddly in earlier episodes when judged in the light of the strip's later development. I trust you'll bear with us during any initial clumsiness, and share our opinion that it was for the best to show the early episodes unrevised, warts and all, rather than go back and eradicate all trace of youthful creative inexperience.

There is also a certain amount of political inexperience upon my part evident in these early episodes. Back in 1981 the term "nuclear winter" had not passed into common currency, and although my guess about climatic upheaval came pretty close to the eventual truth of the situation, the fact remains that the story to hand suggests that a nuclear war, even a limited one, might be survivable. To the best of my current knowledge, this is not the case.

Naiveté can also be detected in my supposition that it would take something as melodramatic as a near-miss nuclear conflict to nudge England towards fascism. Although in fairness to myself and David, there were no better or more accurate predictions of our country's future available in comic form at that time. The simple fact that much of the historical background of the story precedes from a predicted Conservative defeat in the 1982 General Election should tell you how reliable we were in our role as Cassandras.

It's 1988 now. Margaret Thatcher is entering her third term of office and talking confidently of an unbroken Conservative leadership well into the next century. My youngest daughter is seven and the tabloid press are circulating the idea of concentration camps for persons with AIDS. The new riot police wear black visors, as do their horses, and their vans have rotating video cameras mounted on top. The government has expressed a desire to eradicate homosexuality, even as an abstract concept, and one can only speculate as to which minority will be the next legislated against. I'm thinking of taking my family and getting out of this country soon, sometime over the next couple of years. It's cold and it's mean-spirited and I don't like it here anymore.

Goodnight England. Goodnight Home Service and V for Victory.

Hello the Voice of Fate and *V for Vendetta.*

Alan Moore
Northampton, March 1988

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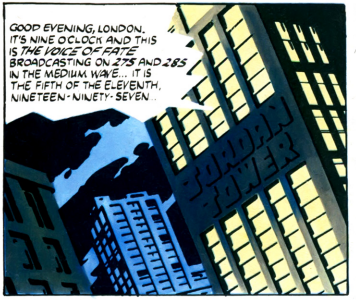
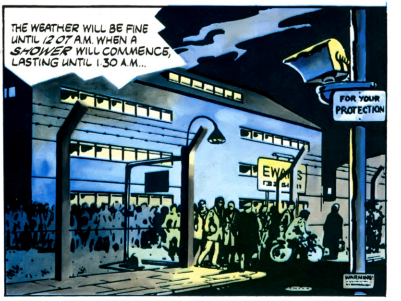
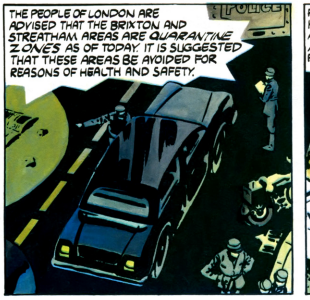
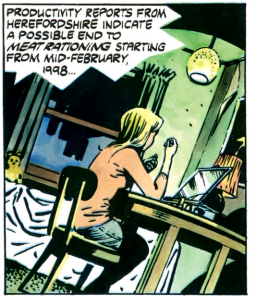
JORDAN
TOWER

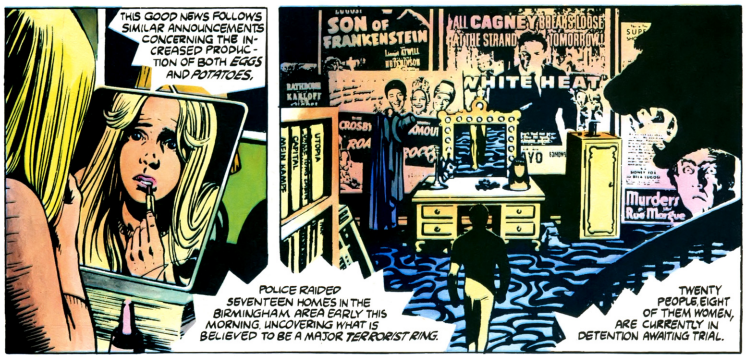
V FOR VENDETTA


GOOD EVENING, LONDON. IT'S NINE O'CLOCK AND THIS IS THE VOICE OF FATE BROADCASTING ON 275 AND 285 IN THE MEDIUM WAVE... IT IS THE FIFTH OF THE ELEVENTH, NINETEEN-NINETY-SEVEN...
SORBAN TOWER

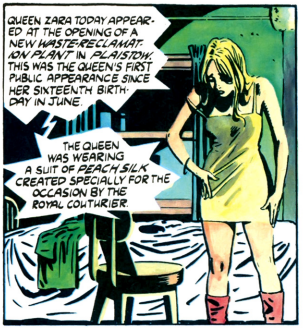



THE PEOPLE OF LONDON ARE ADVISED THAT THE BRIXTON AND STREATHAM AREAS ARE QUARANTINE ZONES AS OF TODAY. IT IS SUGGESTED THAT THESE AREAS BE AVOIDED FOR REASONS OF HEALTH AND SAFETY.
POLICE


PRODUCTIVITY REPORTS FROM HEREFORDSHIRE INDICATE A POSSIBLE END TO MEAT RATIONING STARTING FROM MID-FEBRUARY, 1998...
WAAAG


THIS GOOD NEWS FOLLOWS SIMILAR ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING THE INCREASED PRODUCTION OF BOTH EGGS AND POTATOES.
SON OF FRANKENSTEIN
ALL CAGNEY BREAK LOOSE TOMORROW!
THE STRAND
WHITE HEAT
BATHORE BANLOFT
CROSBY
AMOUR
POOF!
VD
Murders in the Rue Morgue
POLICE RAIDED SEVENTEEN HOMES IN THE BIRMINGHAM AREA EARLY THIS MORNING, UNCOVERING WHAT IS BELIEVED TO BE A MAJOR TERRORIST RING.
TWENTY PEOPLE, EIGHT OF THEM WOMEN, ARE CURRENTLY IN DETENTION AWAITING TRIAL.

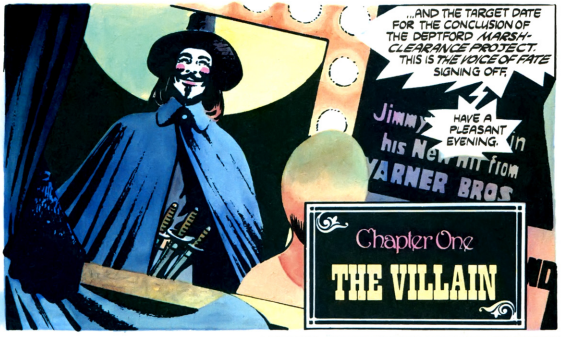
Lettering: **Jenny O'Connor**


QUEEN ZARA TODAY APPEARED AT THE OPENING OF A NEW WASTE-RECLAMATION PLANT IN PLAISTOW. THIS WAS THE QUEEN'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE SINCE HER SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY IN JUNE.
THE QUEEN WAS WEARING A SUIT OF PEACH SILK CREATED SPECIALLY FOR THE OCCASION BY THE ROYAL COUTHRIER.

IN A SPEECH TODAY MR ADRIAN KAREL, PARTY MINISTER FOR INDUSTRY, STATED THAT BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL PROSPECTS ARE BRIGHTER THAN AT ANY TIME SINCE THE LAST WAR.

MR. KAREL WENT ON TO SAY THAT IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY MAN IN THIS COUNTRY TO SEIZE THE INITIATIVE AND MAKE BRITAIN GREAT AGAIN.

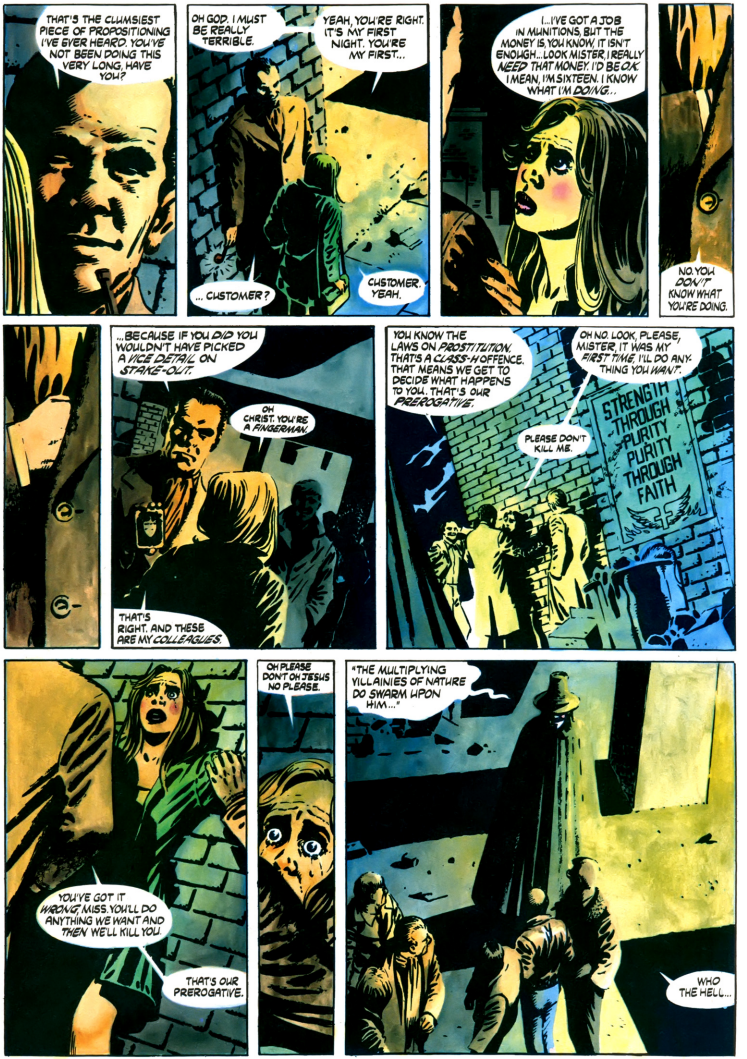
...AND THAT IS THE FACE OF LONDON TONIGHT WE REMIND YOU THAT TOMORROW IS THE FINAL DATE FOR THE COMPLETION OF YOUR CENSUS FORMS...


...AND THE TARGET DATE FOR THE CONCLUSION OF THE DEPTFORD MARSH-CLEARANCE PROJECT. THIS IS THE VOICE OF FATE SIGNING OFF.
HAVE A PLEASANT EVENING.
Chapter One
THE VILLAIN

PARLIAMENT'S COLD SHADOW FALLS ON WEST-MINSTER BRIDGE, AND SHE SHIVERS. THERE WAS POWER HERE ONCE, POWER THAT DECIDED THE DESTINY OF MILLIONS.

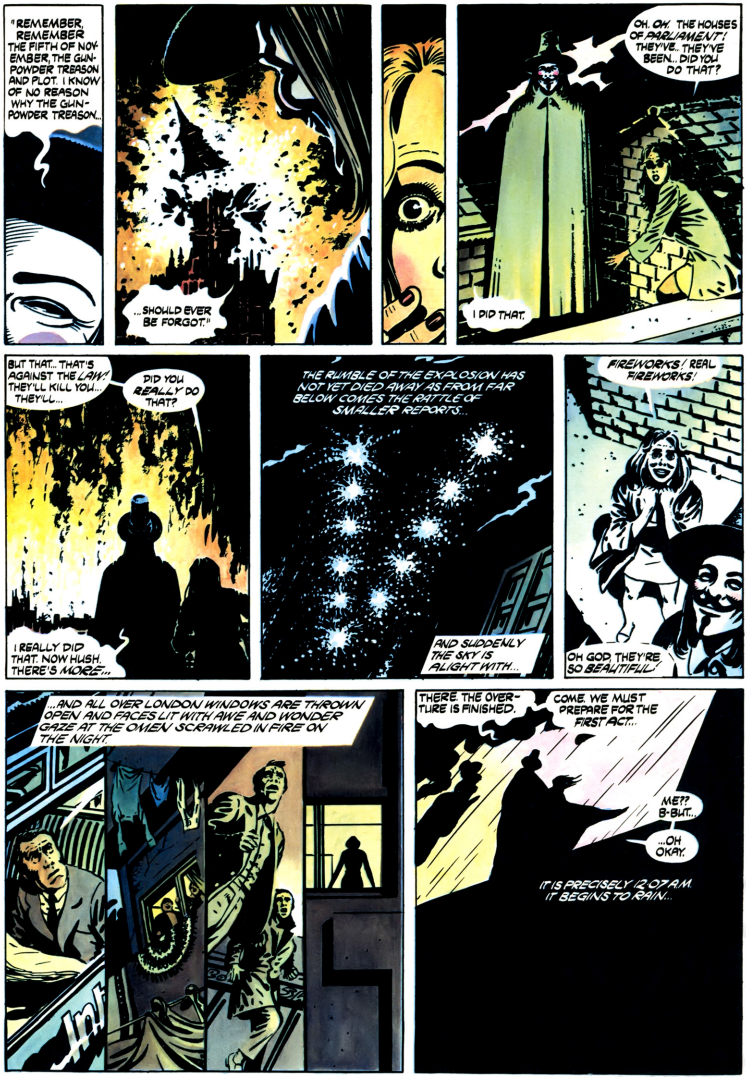
HER TRANSACTIONS, HER DECISIONS, ARE INSIGNIFICANT. THEY AFFECT NO ONE...
MISTER?

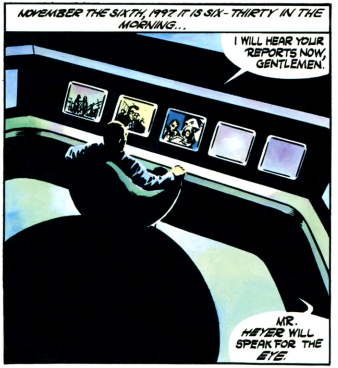
...EXCEPT HER.
...UH... WOULD... WOULD YOU LIKE TO... UH... SLEEP WITH ME OR ANYTHING?
...I MEAN ...UH... FOR MONEY?


THAT'S THE CLUMSIEST PIECE OF PROPOSITIONING I'VE EVER HEARD. YOU'VE NOT BEEN DOING THIS VERY LONG, HAVE YOU?
OH GOD. I MUST BE REALLY TERRIBLE.
YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S MY FIRST NIGHT. YOU'RE MY FIRST...
... CUSTOMER?
CUSTOMER. YEAH.
...I'VE GOT A JOB IN MUNITIONS, BUT THE MONEY IS, YOU KNOW, IT ISN'T ENOUGH...LOOK MISTER, I REALLY NEED THAT MONEY. I'D BE OK. I MEAN, I'M SIXTEEN. I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING...
NO. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING.
...BECAUSE IF YOU DID YOU WOULDN'T HAVE PICKED A VICE DETAIL ON STAKE-OUT.
OH CHRIST. YOU'RE A FINGERMAN.
THAT'S RIGHT. AND THESE ARE MY COLLEAGUES.
YOU KNOW THE LAWS ON PROSTITUTION. THAT'S A CLASS-H OFFENCE. THAT MEANS WE GET TO DECIDE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU. THAT'S OUR PREROGATIVE.
OH NO. LOOK. PLEASE, MISTER. IT WAS MY FIRST TIME. I'LL DO ANY-THING YOU WANT.
PLEASE DON'T KILL ME.
STRENGTH THROUGH PURITY PURITY THROUGH FAITH
YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG, MISS. YOU'LL DO ANYTHING WE WANT AND THEN WE'LL KILL YOU.
THAT'S OUR PREROGATIVE.
OH PLEASE DON'T OH JESUS NO PLEASE.
"THE MULTIPLYING VILLAINIES OF NATURE DO SWARM UPON HIM..."
WHO THE HELL...

"AND FORTUNE, ON HIS DAMNED QUARREL, SMILING, SHOWED LIKE A REBEL'S WHORE."
WHO'S HE?
I DUNNO. MUST BE SOME KINDA RETARD GOT OUT OF A HOSPITAL.. HEY YOU!!
"BUT ALL'S TOO WEAK; FOR BRAVE MACBETH.. WELL HE DESERVES THAT NAME..."
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, CHUM, BIG TROUBLE. THIS WOMAN IS A CRIMINAL. WE'RE POLICE OFFICERS.
SHE'S WANTED FOR INTERROGATION, SO KEEP YOUR...
...HANDS OFF?
"DISDAINING FORTUNE, WITH HIS BRANDISHED STEEL,
"WHICH SMOKED WITH BLOODY EXECUTION.
"LIKE VALOUR'S MINION, CARVED OUT HIS PASSAGE...
"...TILL HE FACED THE SLAVE;
OH.
"WHICH NE'ER SHOOK HANDS,
"NOR BADE FAREWELL TO HIM."
TEAR GAS! *COUGH* HOLY CHRIST, IT'S TEAR GAS!

I GOT HIS HAND. WHAT SHALL I DO WITH HIS
OH JESUS..
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?? HE JUST CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND...JUST WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED???
FRANK'S DEAD. THEY'RE ALL DEAD. OH CHRIST, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO???
FIND HIM. WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM, OR THE HEAD WILL HAVE OUR GUTS..
HOW DID HE DO IT? I NEVER SEEN ANYBODY MOVE SO FAST. HE KILLED FRANK...
THAT BASTARD WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM...
YOU...YOU RESCUED ME! LIKE IN A STORY!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
WH-WHO ARE YOU?
ME? I'M THE KING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. I'M THE BOGEYMAN. THE VILLAIN.
...THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY.
UH...YEAH. BUT WHAT WERE YOU DOING AROUND HERE? I DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY CAME TO WESTMINSTER AT NIGHT EXCEPT, YOU KNOW...
...WOMEN.
AHH, BUT TONIGHT IS SPECIAL. TONIGHT IS A CELEBRATION. A GRAND OPENING. WERE YOU NEVER TAUGHT THE RHYME?


"REMEMBER, REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER, THE GUNPOWDER TREASON AND PLOT. I KNOW OF NO REASON WHY THE GUNPOWDER TREASON...
...SHOULD EVER BE FORGOT."
OH, OH. THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT! THEY'VE... THEY'VE BEEN... DID YOU DO THAT?
I DID THAT.
BUT THAT... THAT'S AGAINST THE LAW! THEY'LL KILL YOU... THEY'LL...
DID YOU REALLY DO THAT?
I REALLY DID THAT. NOW HUSH. THERE'S MORE...
THE RUMBLE OF THE EXPLOSION HAS NOT YET DIED AWAY AS FROM FAR BELOW COMES THE RATTLE OF SMALLER REPORTS...
AND SUDDENLY THE SKY IS ALIGHT WITH...
FIREWORKS! REAL FIREWORKS!
OH GOD, THEY'RE SO BEAUTIFUL!
...AND ALL OVER LONDON WINDOWS ARE THROWN OPEN AND FACES LIT WITH AWE AND WONDER GAZE AT THE OMEN SCRAWLED IN FIRE ON THE NIGHT.
THERE. THE OVERTURE IS FINISHED.
COME. WE MUST PREPARE FOR THE FIRST ACT...
ME!? B-BUT...
...OH. OKAY.
IT IS PRECISELY 12.07 A.M. IT BEGINS TO RAIN...


NOVEMBER THE SIXTH, 1997. IT IS SIX-THIRTY IN THE MORNING...
I WILL HEAR YOUR REPORTS NOW, GENTLEMEN.
MR. HEYER WILL SPEAK FOR THE EYE.

WE HAVE JUST UNDER THREE MINUTES OF USEABLE FOOTAGE, LEADER. THE LARGE MAJORITY OF OUR V/-RECORDERS WERE DAMAGED IN THE EXPLOSION.
TO MY LEFT IS AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE SUBJECT'S FACE. I'M AFRAID THE MASK MAKES RETINAL IDENTIFICATION IMPOSSIBLE.
CLOSE-UP IF YOU PLEASE, MR. HEYER...

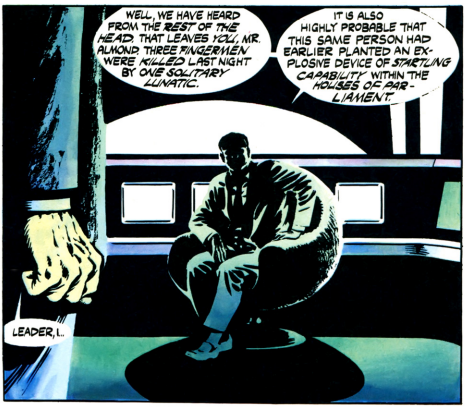
AH.
THANK YOU, MR. HEYER. MR. LETHERIDGE WILL NOW SPEAK FOR THE EARS.

UH... PHONE SURVEILLANCE INDICATES THAT A LARGE PROPORTION OF THE, UH, PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT THE, UH, EXPLOSION, THAT'S INSIDE LONDON.
ALL SUSPECT OR SIGNIFICANT TRANSCRIPTS ARE BEING FORWARDED TO MR., UH, ALMOND AT THE FINGER.

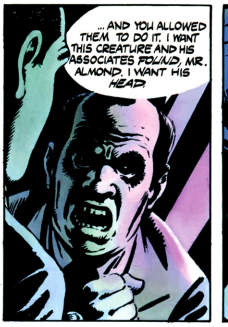
MR. ALMOND IS WITH ME AT PRESENT. I SHALL INFORM HIM. MR. FINCH WILL SPEAK FOR THE NOSE...

WE'VE FOUND THE DEVICE PROBABLY USED TO LAUNCH THE FIREWORKS AND SOME SPENT CASINGS. INDIVIDUALLY WEIGHTED FLARES AT A GUESS.

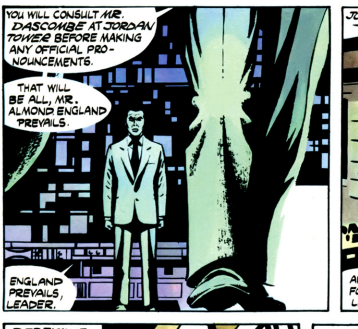
DESPITE ITS SOPHISTICATION I SHOULD SAY THAT THE DEVICE WAS ALMOST CERTAINLY HOME-MADE, AND THUS UNTRACEABLE, SORRY, LEADER. NOTHING ELSE YET.
THANK YOU, MR. FINCH. THE THREE OF YOU WILL INFORM ME OF ANY FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS AND AWAIT MY DIRECTIVE. ENGLAND PREVAILS, GENTLEMEN.

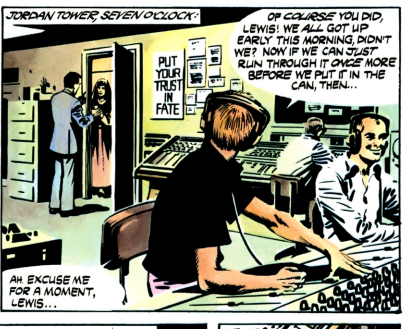

WELL, WE HAVE HEARD FROM THE REST OF THE HEAD THAT LEAVES YOU, MR. ALMOND. THREE FINGERMEN WERE KILLED LAST NIGHT BY ONE SOLITARY LUNATIC.
IT IS ALSO HIGHLY PROBABLE THAT THIS SAME PERSON HAD EARLIER PLANTED AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE OF STARTLING CAPABILITY WITHIN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.
LEADER, I...

YOU WILL BE SILENT, MR. ALMOND!
YOUR INCOMPETENCE HAS COST US OUR OLDEST SYMBOL OF AUTHORITY AND A JARRING PROPAGANDA DEFEAT. DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?
SOMEONE DID THE UNTHINKABLE. SOMEONE HURT US.


...AND YOU ALLOWED THEM TO DO IT. I WANT THIS CREATURE AND HIS ASSOCIATES FOUND, MR. ALMOND. I WANT HIS HEAD!

...OR, BY GOD, I'LL HAVE YOURS INSTEAD!


YOU WILL CONSULT MR. DASCOMBE AT JORDAN TOWER BEFORE MAKING ANY OFFICIAL PRONOUNCEMENTS.
THAT WILL BE ALL, MR. ALMOND! ENGLAND PREVAILS.
ENGLAND PREVAILS, LEADER.

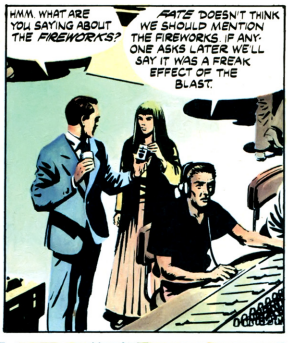

JORDAN TOWER, SEVEN O'CLOCK:
PUT YOUR TRUST IN FATE
OF COURSE YOU DID, LEWIS! WE ALL GOT UP EARLY THIS MORNING, DIDN'T WE? NOW IF WE CAN JUST RUN THROUGH IT ONCE MORE BEFORE WE PUT IT IN THE CAN, THEN...
AH. EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT, LEWIS...

DEREK!! WE DON'T SEE YOU DOWN HERE IN THE MOUTH VERY OFTEN..
OOH! "DOWN IN THE MOUTH"! I COULD HAVE MADE A JOKE OUT OF THAT, COULDN'T I?
YOU HAVE DONE, DASCOMBE, SEVERAL TIMES. WHAT'S FATE PUTTING OUT ON THE PARLIAMENT BOMBING?

WE'LL, FATE WANTS US TO SAY IT WAS A SCHEDULED DEMOLITION UNDERTAKEN AT NIGHT TO AVOID TRAFFIC CONGESTION.
IT'S GOING OUT ON THE EIGHT O'CLOCK BROADCAST... I WAS JUST RUNNING THROUGH IT WITH LEWIS WHEN YOU CAME IN.

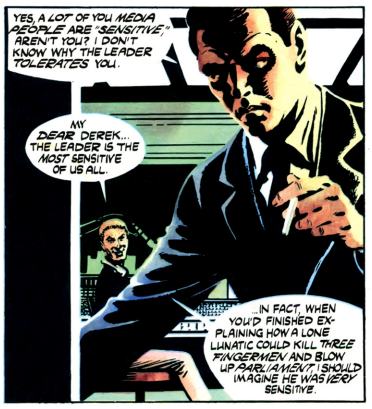
LEWIS?
LEWIS PROTHERO. HE DOES THE VOICE. THE VOICE OF FATE.

GOOD MORNING, LONDON. THIS IS THE VOICE OF FATE BROADCASTING ON 275 AND 285 METRES IN THE MEDIUM WAVE...
Chapter Two
THE VOICE


HMM. WHAT ARE YOU SAYING ABOUT THE FIREWORKS?
FATE DOESN'T THINK WE SHOULD MENTION THE FIREWORKS. IF ANYONE ASKS LATER, WE'LL SAY IT WAS A FREAK EFFECT OF THE BLAST.

LISTEN TO LEWIS... ISN'T HE MARVELLOUS? IF FATE REALLY HAD A VOICE IT WOULD SOUND JUST LIKE THAT. IF ONLY PEOPLE KNEW WHAT A GOOD JOB HE'S DOING...

DON'T BE STUPID, DASCOMBE. THE WHOLE IDEA IS THAT PEOPLE THINK IT'S FATE TALKING. IT MAKES FATE APPEAR MORE HUMAN. GIVES PEOPLE CONFIDENCE.
HMMM...
HE COLLECTS DOLLS, YOU KNOW. WOULDN'T THINK IT, WOULD YOU? BIG MAN LIKE THAT, COLLECTING DOLLS. HE'S SENSITIVE, YOU SEE. YOU CAN TELL BY HIS VOICE.


YES, A LOT OF YOU MEDIA PEOPLE ARE "SENSITIVE," AREN'T YOU? I DON'T KNOW WHY THE LEADER TOLERATES YOU.
MY DEAR DEREK... THE LEADER IS THE MOST SENSITIVE OF US ALL.
... IN FACT, WHEN YOU'D FINISHED EXPLAINING HOW A LONE LUNATIC COULD KILL THREE FINGERMEN AND BLOW UP PARLIAMENT, I SHOULD IMAGINE HE WAS VERY SENSITIVE.

YOU'RE A DEGENERATE, DASCOMBE.

YOU'RE BITTER, ALMOND.
"BITTER ALMOND"! OH DEAR ME! HA HA HA HA HA HA!

PLEASE YOURSELF.
ALRIGHT, LEWIS... FROM THE TOP.
"BITTER ALMOND"! OH DEAR ME! HA HA HA HA HA!
THE SHADOW GALLERY!
LOOK, I DON'T WANT TO SOUND UNGRATEFUL, I MEAN, AFTER YOU RESCUED ME? BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS. WHO YOU ARE, OR WHAT YOU WANT OR ANYTHING.
I MEAN, I KNOW YOU MUST HAVE HAD A REASON FOR BLINDFOLDING ME WHEN YOU BROUGHT ME HERE, BUT COULDN'T YOU JUST TELL ME WHERE WE ARE? ARE WE STILL IN LONDON?
WE ARE IN THE SHADOW GALLERY. THIS IS MY HOME.
DO YOU LIKE IT? I BUILT IT MYSELF, YOU KNOW.
IT...IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! ALL OF THESE PAINTINGS AND BOOKS... I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THERE WERE THINGS LIKE THIS.
YOU COULDN'T BE EXPECTED TO KNOW. THEY HAVE ERADICATED CULTURE... TOSSED IT AWAY LIKE A PAIL FULL OF DEAD ROSES...
SHAKESPEARE
ALL THE BOOKS, ALL THE FILMS... ALL THE MUSIC...
THE MUSIC IS BEAUTIFUL! YOU MUST THINK I'M REALLY STUPID... ALL I'VE EVER HEARD IS THE MILITARY STUFF THEY PLAY ON THE RADIO.
BUT ALL THIS STUFF ON YOUR JUKE-BOX SOUNDS SO... I DUNNO... ALIVE! WHAT'S THIS PLAYING NOW? THE WOMAN'S VOICE DOESN'T EVEN SOUND ENGLISH!
IT'S NOT, AND THE WORD IS "JAKE-BOX!" WITH A "J"!
THE SONG IS CALLED "DANCING IN THE STREETS." IT'S BEING SUNG BY MARTHA AND THE VANDELLAS, PERHAPS THE TERM "TAMLA MOTOWN" IS FAMILIAR TO YOU?
OBVIOUSLY NOT. HARDLY SURPRISING, I SUPPOSE. AFTER ALL...

... THEY ERADICATED SOME CULTURES MORE THOROUGHLY THAN THEY DID OTHERS.

NO TAMLA AND NO TROJAN, NO BILLIE HOLIDAY OR BLACK UHURU...
JUST HIS MASTER'S VOICE, EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

WE'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT...

SORRY. THIS COMPARTMENT IS FULL.
FM
12:30
MORNING
FULL?? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, MAN! IT'S EMPTY APART FROM YOU THREE! THERE'S PLENTY OF..

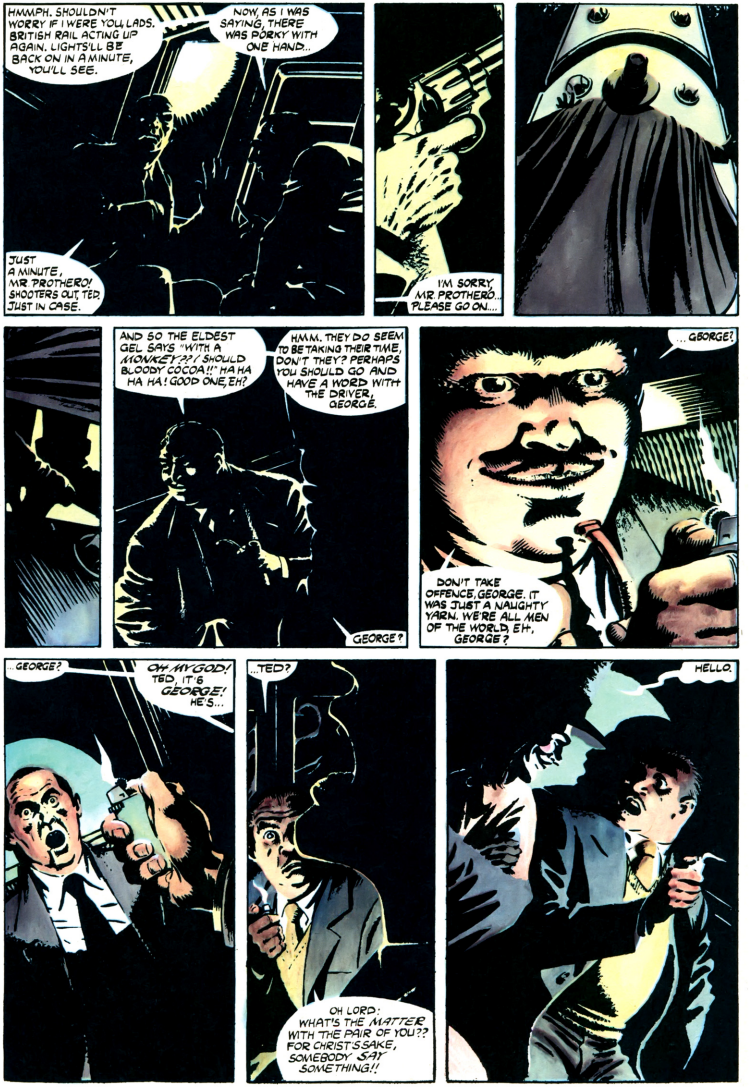
I SAID IT'S FULL, CRAPHEAD.
OH MY GOD. I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T REALISE.
FULL. YES, OF COURSE. FULL.

WELL, BLOCKED, TED! CAN'T HAVE THE CARRIAGE FULL OF CIVILIANS. CIVILIANS DON'T APPRECIATE TRAINS. TAKES A MILITARY MAN TO APPRECIATE TRAINS...
LIKE DOLLS. YOUR AVERAGE CITIZEN DOES NOT GIVE A MONKEY'S ABOUT DOLLS. NO APPRECIATION, YOU SEE? DID I TELL YOU I COLLECTED DOLLS, GEORGE?

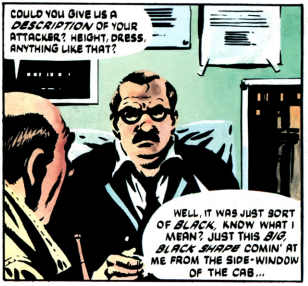
ER...YES, MR. PROTHERO, I THINK YOU MAY HAVE MENTIONED IT ONCE OR TWICE. VERY INTERESTING.

INTERESTING? THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT. MIND YOU, YOU'RE A MILITARY MAN. ASK YOUR AVERAGE CITIZEN, HE'D SAY DOLLS WERE FOR POOFTAHS. IGNORANT, YOU SEE.
MYSELF, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A LADIES' MAN. TALES I COULD TELL YOU ABOUT WHEN I WAS IN ADEN. I REMEMBER ONCE, PORKY APPLEBY AND MYSELF NET THESE TWO NATIVE GELS...

JESUS CHRIST! WHAT THE HELL'S THAT??
WHAT WAS WHAT?
JUST BEFORE WE WENT INTO THE TUNNEL I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING UP ON THE BRIDGE.
I DUNNO... IT COULD HAVE BEEN RAGS CAUGHT ON A FENCE OR SOMETHING, I SUPPOSE.
HMMM.
...SO ANYWAY, WE'D BOTH HAD A FEW TINCTURES BY THAT TIME, AND PORKY SAYS TO ONE OF THESE LOCAL BINTS... THE ELDEST GEL, I THINK IT WAS... HE SAYS...
...EXCUSE ME, MR. PROTHERO...
TED... DID YOU JUST HEAR SOMETHING? A BANG ON THE ROOF OF THE TRAIN?
I SAY! WE'RE STOPPING! IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, D'YOU THINK?
AY!! I DON'T... AY!! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?
OH BLOODY HELL...
0730


HMMPH. SHOULDN'T WORRY IF I WERE YOU, LADS. BRITISH RAIL ACTING UP AGAIN. LIGHTS'LL BE BACK ON IN A MINUTE, YOU'LL SEE.
NOW, AS I WAS SAYING, THERE WAS PORKY WITH ONE HAND..
JUST A MINUTE, MR. PROTHERO! SHOOTERS OUT, TED! JUST IN CASE.
I'M SORRY, MR. PROTHERO.. PLEASE GO ON....
AND SO THE ELDEST GEL SAYS "WITH A MONKEY??? I SHOULD BLOODY COCOA!!" HA HA HA HA! GOOD ONE, EH?
HMM. THEY DO SEEM TO BE TAKING THEIR TIME, DON'T THEY? PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GO AND HAVE A WORD WITH THE DRIVER, GEORGE.
GEORGE?
..GEORGE!
DON'T TAKE OFFENCE, GEORGE. IT WAS JUST A NAUGHTY YARN. WE'RE ALL MEN OF THE WORLD, EH, GEORGE?
..GEORGE?
OH, MY GOD! TED, IT'S GEORGE! HE'S...
..TED?
OH LORD: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE PAIR OF YOU?? FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, SOMEBODY SAY SOMETHING!!
HELLO.

W-WELL, I MEAN, IT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY. IT ALL HAPPENED SO *QUICK*, DIDN'T IT?
I DIDN'T ACTUALLY *HEAR* ANYTHING... JUST SORT OF CAUGHT SOMETHING MOVING OUT THE CORNER OF ME EYE. AND BY THEN IT WAS ALL OVER, WANNIT?


COULD YOU GIVE US A *DESCRIPTION* OF YOUR ATTACKER? HEIGHT, DRESS, ANYTHING LIKE THAT?
WELL, IT WAS JUST SORT OF *BLACK*, KNOW WHAT I MEAN? JUST THIS *BIG BLACK SHAPE* COMIN' AT ME FROM THE SIDE-WINDOW OF THE CAB...

I SEE. AND *THEN* WHAT HAPPENED? DID IT *HIT* YOU, *STRIKE* YOU IN ANY WAY?
NO. I MEAN, THAT WAS THE FUNNY BIT. IT JUST SORT OF *TOUCHED* ME, UP HERE ON ME NECK.
I FELT THIS... IT WAS LIKE AN *ELECTRIC SHOCK*, SORT OF. AN' THEN I JUST PASSED OUT.

...AND CAME TO AN HOUR LATER WHEN THE SECURITY FORCE ARRIVED ON THE SCENE. I SEE.
WELL, I THINK THAT'S ABOUT IT, MR. BISHOP. THE OFFICER WILL TAKE YOUR ADDRESS IN CASE WE NEED TO CONTACT YOU. THANK YOU FOR YOUR TROUBLE.

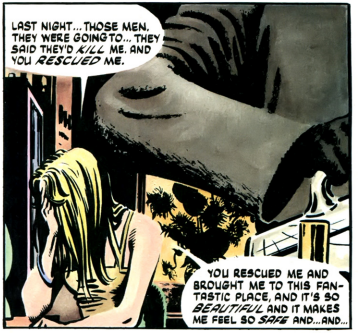
WELL, MR.FINCH, WHAT DO YOU THINK? IS IT THE SAME BLOKE WHO DID THE PARLIAMENT BOMBING, OR WHAT?
I *HOPE* SO, DOMINIC, BECAUSE IF IT'S *NOT*, THEN THERE MUST BE *TWO* OF 'EM...
...AND *THAT'S* A POSSIBILITY I'D RATHER NOT CONSIDER WITHOUT A STIFF DRINK TO HAND.

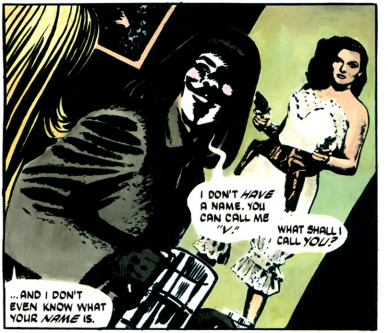
Lettering: **Steve Craddock**

ME NEITHER, MR.FINCH. WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE *UP AGAINST* HERE? WHO *IS* THIS CHARACTER?
I MEAN, ALL THIS BUSINESS ABOUT BOARDING MOVING TRAINS IS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE *PICTURES*. *NORMAL* PEOPLE CAN'T *DO* THINGS LIKE THAT.
YOU'RE RIGHT, DOMINIC. *OR* KNOCK OUT A THIRTEEN STONE TRAIN DRIVER BY TOUCHING HIM LIGHTLY ON THE NECK. *NORMAL* PEOPLE CAN'T *DO* THINGS LIKE THAT.
...IN FACT, I DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TOO FAR TO SAY THAT *MOST* NORMAL PEOPLE HAVE NEVER EVEN *CONSIDERED* BLOWING UP THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.
SO WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST IS SOMEONE WHO *ISN'T* NORMAL PEOPLE... EITHER PHYSICALLY OR MENTALLY. IT'S THE "MENTALLY" BIT THAT BOTHERS ME.
BECAUSE IF I'M GOING TO *CRACK* THIS CASE... AND I *AM*... I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GET RIGHT INSIDE HIS HEAD. TO THINK THE WAY *HE* THINKS. AND THAT SCARES ME.
AHH. HERE WE ARE.
ANYTHING BEEN TOUCHED IN HERE?
NO, SIR. EVERYTHING'S AS WE FOUND IT WHEN WE GOT THE TRAIN OUT OF THE TUNNEL.
Chapter Three
VICTIMS
HMM... I'LL NEED SOME PHOTOGRAPHS OF THIS *CHEST WOUND*. IT WASN'T A *KNIFE* OR *BULLET* THAT DID THIS...
IN FACT, I'VE GOT A NASTY SUSPICION THAT WHOEVER DID THAT DID IT WITH THEIR *FINGERS*.
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF *THIS*, MR.FINCH?
DAMNED IF I KNOW. GET A PHOTOGRAPH OF IT. AND LET ME HAVE SOME *PAINT SCRAPINGS* FOR *ANALYSIS*...
PERHAPS THE *FORENSIC* PEOPLE BACK AT *THE NOSE* WILL BE ABLE TO TELL US SOMETHING. ALTHOUGH FRANKLY I *DOUBT* IT.
...OTHER THAN THAT, JUST THE USUAL STUFF. DUST THE CARRIAGE FOR *DABS*. GET A *PATH* REPORT ON THE BODIES.
FATE WILL WANT A COPY, REMEMBER...

HELLO. WHAT'S THIS?
A ROSE. A "VIOLET CARSON" ROSE. FUNNY... I THOUGHT THEY'D BEEN EXTINCT SINCE THE WAR...
OUR FRIEND IN THE MASK HAS GOT QUITE A THING ABOUT THE LETTER "V" WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
AND UNLESS WE FIND A BODY IN THE NEXT COUPLE OF HOURS, IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT LEWIS PROTHERO AS WELL.
BLOWING UP THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, KIDNAPPING OUR TOP BROADCASTER...
DO YOU THINK HE'S TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING?
I DON'T KNOW, SIR. JESUS CHRIST, WHAT HE'D DONE TO THOSE MEN...
I'VE SEEN WORSE, DOMINIC, PHYSICALLY SPEAKING. LIKE I SAY, IT'S THE MENTAL SIDE THAT BOTHERS ME... HIS ATTITUDE TO KILLING.
THINK ABOUT IT. HE KILLED THEM RUTHLESSLY, EFFICIENTLY, AND WITH A MINIMUM OF FUSS. WHATEVER THEIR FAULTS, THOSE WERE TWO HUMAN BEINGS...
...AND HE SLAUGHTERED THEM LIKE CATTLE!
THE SHADOW GALLERY...

ANNIE
VICTOR McLAGLEN
WAIKIKI WEDDING
THE CAT
THE 4 MARX BROTHERS
OH.
I-I'M SORRY. YOU STARTLED ME. I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN...
NOBODY EVER DOES. YOU'VE BEEN CRYING.
YES. DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF ME. I'M A BABY.
I-IT WAS WHEN YOU WENT OUT EARLIER ON AND DIDN'T SAY WHERE YOU WERE GOING... I THOUGHT ... I DIDN'T THINK... THAT IS, I MEAN...
I WAS SCARED YOU WOULDN'T COME BACK.
I KNOW I'M STUPID, BUT MY LIFE'S SUDDENLY BECOME VERY STRANGE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING ANYMORE.


LAST NIGHT... THOSE MEN. THEY WERE GOING TO... THEY SAID THEY'D KILL ME. AND YOU RESCUED ME.
YOU RESCUED ME AND BROUGHT ME TO THIS FANTASTIC PLACE, AND IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL AND IT MAKES ME FEEL SO SAFE AND...AND...


I DON'T HAVE A NAME. YOU CAN CALL ME "V."
WHAT SHALL I CALL YOU?
...AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT YOUR NAME IS.

MY NAME IS EVEY... EVEY HAMMOND.
I'M NOBODY. NOBODY SPECIAL. NOT LIKE YOU.

EVERYBODY IS SPECIAL. EVERYBODY. EVERYBODY IS A HERO, A LOVER, A FOOL, A VILLAIN. EVERYBODY.
EVERYBODY HAS THEIR STORY TO TELL. EVEN EVEY HAMMOND. I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO HEAR EVEY HAMMOND'S STORY.

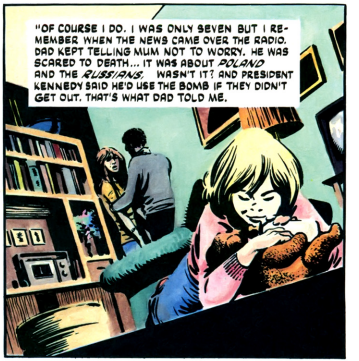
B-BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL. I'M ONLY SIX-TEEN. I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING.
SIXTEEN. THEN YOU WERE BORN IN 1981?

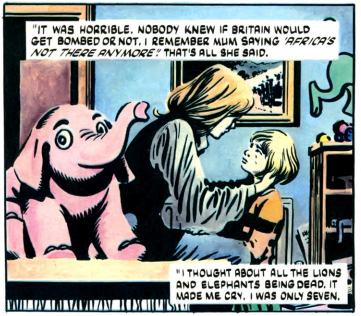
Y-YES. IN SEPTEMBER. WE USED TO LIVE ON SHOOTER'S HILL IN SOUTH LONDON. IT WAS NICE THERE. I'VE GOT A PHOTOGRAPH IF YOU WANT TO SEE...

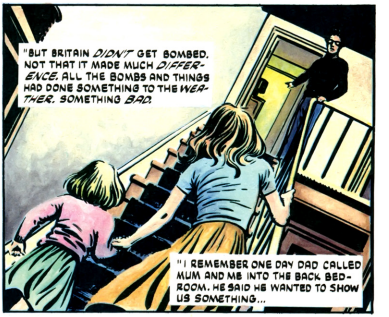
JUST ME AND MUM AND DAD. I DIDN'T HAVE ANY BROTHERS OR SISTERS... DAD SAID HE COULDN'T AFFORD ANY MORE KIDS...
THIS WAS DURING THE RECESSION OF THE EIGHTIES?

"YEAH... I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT THAT... I KNOW DAD SAID THINGS DIDN'T GET MUCH BETTER WHEN *LABOUR* GOT INTO POWER...
HE SAID THAT THE ONLY ELECTION PROMISE THAT THEY KEPT WAS GETTING RID OF THE *AMERICAN MISSILES* THAT WERE STATIONED OVER HERE.

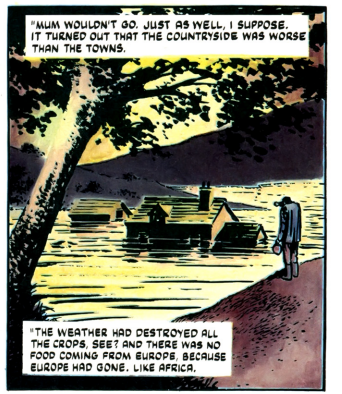
AND THE *WAR*, EVE. DO YOU REMEMBER THE *WAR*?

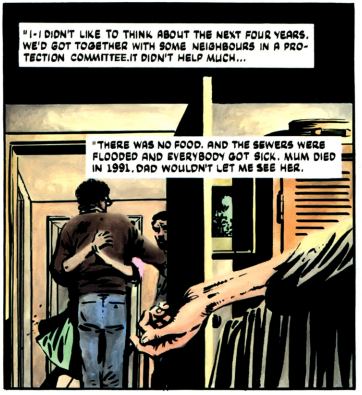

"OF COURSE I DO. I WAS ONLY SEVEN BUT I REMEMBER WHEN THE NEWS CAME OVER THE RADIO. DAD KEPT TELLING MUM NOT TO WORRY. HE WAS SCARED TO DEATH... IT WAS ABOUT *POLAND* AND THE *RUSSIANS*. WASN'T IT? AND PRESIDENT KENNEDY SAID HE'D USE THE BOMB IF THEY DIDN'T GET OUT. THAT'S WHAT DAD TOLD ME.

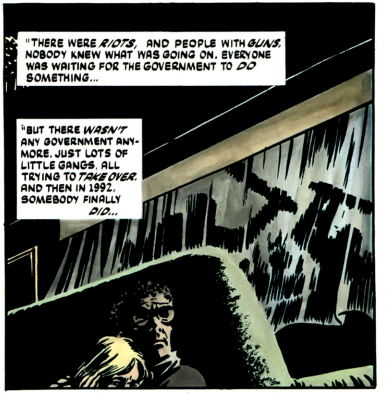

"IT WAS HORRIBLE. NOBODY KNEW IF BRITAIN WOULD GET BOMBED OR NOT. I REMEMBER MUM SAYING *"AFRICA'S NOT THERE ANYMORE"*. THAT'S ALL SHE SAID.
"I THOUGHT ABOUT ALL THE LIONS AND ELEPHANTS BEING DEAD. IT MADE ME CRY. I WAS ONLY SEVEN.


"BUT BRITAIN *DIDN'T* GET BOMBED. NOT THAT IT MADE MUCH *DIFFERENCE*. ALL THE BOMBS AND THINGS HAD DONE SOMETHING TO THE *WEATHER*. SOMETHING *BAD*.
"I REMEMBER ONE DAY DAD CALLED MUM AND ME INTO THE BACK BEDROOM. HE SAID HE WANTED TO SHOW US SOMETHING...

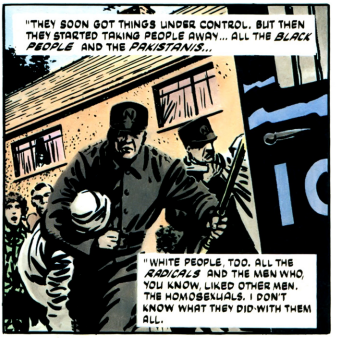
"WE COULD SEE RIGHT ACROSS LONDON FROM THE BEDROOM WINDOW. IT WAS NEARLY ALL UNDER WATER. THE *THAMES BARRIER* HAD BURST.
"THE SKY WAS ALL YELLOW AND BLACK. I'VE NEVER SEEN A SKY LIKE IT. DAD SAID LONDON WAS FINISHED. HE WANTED TO TAKE MUM AND ME TO THE COUNTRY.

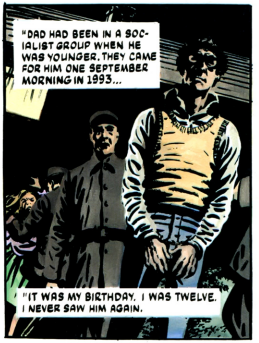

"MUM WOULDN'T GO. JUST AS WELL, I SUPPOSE. IT TURNED OUT THAT THE COUNTRYSIDE WAS WORSE THAN THE TOWNS.
"THE WEATHER HAD DESTROYED ALL THE CROPS, SEE? AND THERE WAS NO FOOD COMING FROM EUROPE BECAUSE EUROPE HAD GONE. LIKE AFRICA.


"I-I DIDN'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT THE NEXT FOUR YEARS. WE'D GOT TOGETHER WITH SOME NEIGHBOURS IN A PROTECTION COMMITTEE.IT DIDN'T HELP MUCH...
"THERE WAS NO FOOD, AND THE SEWERS WERE FLOODED AND EVERYBODY GOT SICK. MUM DIED IN 1991, DAD WOULDN'T LET ME SEE HER.

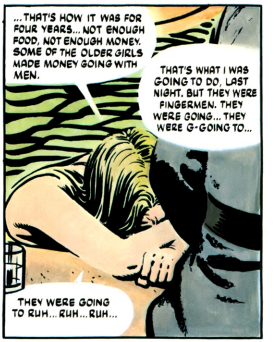

"THERE WERE RIOTS, AND PEOPLE WITH GUNS. NOBODY KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON. EVERYONE WAS WAITING FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO DO SOMETHING...
"BUT THERE WASN'T ANY GOVERNMENT ANYMORE. JUST LOTS OF LITTLE GANGS, ALL TRYING TO TAKE OVER. AND THEN IN 1992, SOMEBODY FINALLY DID...

"IT WAS ALL THE FASCIST GROUPS, THE RIGHT-WINGERS. THEY'D ALL GOT TOGETHER WITH SOME OF THE BIG CORPORATIONS THAT HAD SURVIVED. 'NORSEFIRE' THEY CALLED THEMSELVES.
"I REMEMBER WHEN THEY MARCHED INTO LONDON. THEY HAD A FLAG WITH THEIR SYMBOL ON, EVERYONE WAS CHEERING. I THOUGHT THEY WERE SCARY.

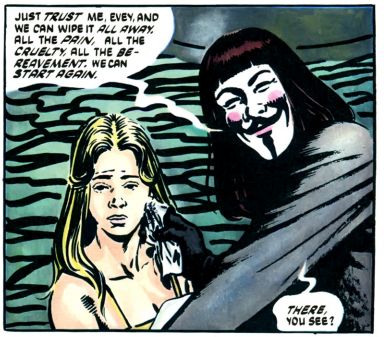

"THEY SOON GOT THINGS UNDER CONTROL. BUT THEN THEY STARTED TAKING PEOPLE AWAY... ALL THE BLACK PEOPLE AND THE PAKISTANIS...
"WHITE PEOPLE, TOO. ALL THE RADICALS AND THE MEN WHO, YOU KNOW, LIKED OTHER MEN. THE HOMOSEXUALS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY DID WITH THEM ALL.


"DAD HAD BEEN IN A SOCIALIST GROUP WHEN HE WAS YOUNGER. THEY CAME FOR HIM ONE SEPTEMBER MORNING IN 1993...
"IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY. I WAS TWELVE. I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN.

"THEY MADE ME GO AND WORK IN A FACTORY WITH A LOT OF OTHER KIDS. WE WERE PUTTING MATCHES INTO BOXES.
"I LIVED IN A HOSTEL. IT WAS COLD AND DIRTY AND I JUST USED TO CRY ALL THE TIME. I WANTED MY DAD."


...THAT'S HOW IT WAS FOR FOUR YEARS... NOT ENOUGH FOOD, NOT ENOUGH MONEY. SOME OF THE OLDER GIRLS MADE MONEY GOING WITH MEN.
THAT'S WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO, LAST NIGHT. BUT THEY WERE FINGERMEN. THEY WERE GOING... THEY WERE G-GOING TO...
THEY WERE GOING TO RUH... RUH... RUH...

HUSH, CHILD, HUSH. IT'S OVER NOW. YOU'RE SAFE. THE PAST CAN'T HURT YOU ANYMORE. NOT UNLESS YOU LET IT.
THEY MADE YOU INTO A VICTIM, EVEY. THEY MADE YOU INTO A STATISTIC. BUT THAT'S NOT THE REAL YOU. THAT'S NOT WHO YOU ARE INSIDE.


JUST TRUST ME, EVEY, AND WE CAN WIPE IT ALL AWAY. ALL THE PAIN. ALL THE CRUELTY. ALL THE BEREAVEMENT. WE CAN START AGAIN.
THERE, YOU SEE?

ALL GONE.

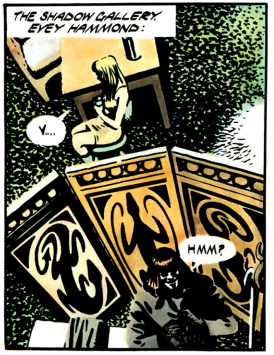
... AND EVEY HAMMOND SOBS LIKE THE CHILD SHE IS. SOBS BECAUSE AT LONG LAST, HER NIGHTMARE IS OVER...

NOW LEWIS PROTHERO, ON THE OTHER HAND...
MMMUH WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?
...AND WHAT AM I DOING WEARING THIS UNIFORM?

HIS NIGHTMARE IS ONLY JUST BEGINNING!
OH MY GOD.
LARKHILL RESETTLEMENT CAMP

NOVEMBER THE SEVENTH, 1997. THE LEADER AND MR FINCH.
I THINK HE'S A PSYCHOPATH, LEADER.
I USE THE WORD IN ITS MOST PRECISE SENSE.
I SEE. THEN WE CAN'T ASSUME THAT "CODE-NAME 'V'" WILL BEHAVE LIKE A CONVENTIONAL TERRORIST.
WE CAN'T ASSUME THAT HE WILL EVENTUALLY ISSUE A SET OF DEMANDS OR ASK FOR THE USUAL CONCESSIONS.
I DON'T THINK HE'S OUT FOR CONCESSIONS, LEADER.
I THINK HE'S OUT FOR BLOOD.
THEN HE'S CERTAINLY GETTING IT, ISN'T HE, MR. FINCH? HE'S BLOWN UP THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, DISPATCHED FIVE OF MR. ALMOND'S FINGERMEN... ...AND NOW HE'S ABDUCTED OUR TOP BROADCASTER IF PROTHERO IS UNABLE TO MAKE HIS "VOICE OF FATE" BROADCASTS AS SCHEDULED, OUR CREDIBILITY WILL SUFFER.
TWO DAYS, MR. FINCH. THAT'S ALL IT'S TAKEN HIM.
COULDN'T MR DASCOMBE ARRANGE A STAND-IN FOR PROTHERO, LEADER?
OH YES. BUT THE PROBLEM IS THAT MR.DASCOMBE IS TOO GOOD AT HIS WORK. THE PEOPLE ACTUALLY BELIEVE THAT THE VOICE OF LEWIS PROTHERO IS THAT OF THE FATE COMPUTER.
BRITAIN'S BELIEF IN THE INTEGRITY OF FATE IS THE CORNERSTONE OF OUR NEW ORDER. ANY CHANGE IN THE VOICE AND IT JUST WON'T BE THE SAME.
I SEE. FROM A PROPAGANDA ANGLE WE'VE BEEN PUT IN A BIT OF A SPOT, HAVENT WE?
ALTHOUGH PERSONALLY I DON'T GO MUCH FOR THIS "NEW ORDER" BUSINESS. IT'S JUST MY JOB, TO HELP BRITAIN OUT OF THIS MESS. YOU ALREADY KNOW THAT, LEADER.
INDEED I DO, MR. FINCH. YOU HAVE EXPRESSED SUCH SENTIMENTS BEFORE. THAT YOU ARE STILL ALIVE IS A MARK OF MY RESPECT FOR YOU AND YOUR CRAFT.
LEAVE ME NOW. THERE ARE MANY PROBLEMS TO CONSIDER. I WISH TO SPEAK WITH FATE.
ENGLAND PREVAILS, MR. FINCH.
ENGLAND PREVAILS, LEADER.

Lettering: **Jenny O'Connor**

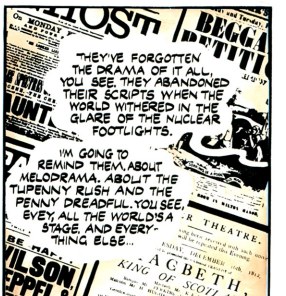

THE SHADOW GALLERY. EVEY HAMMOND:
V....
HMM?

OH... UH... NOTHING. I WAS JUST TRYING TO GET USED TO SAYING IT OUT LOUD, V... IT'S A FUNNY THING TO CALL YOURSELF.
I'M, A FUNNY PERSON, EVEY. YOU'LL FIND THAT OUT WHEN YOU'VE KNOWN ME LONGER. A VERY FUNNY PERSON INDEED.

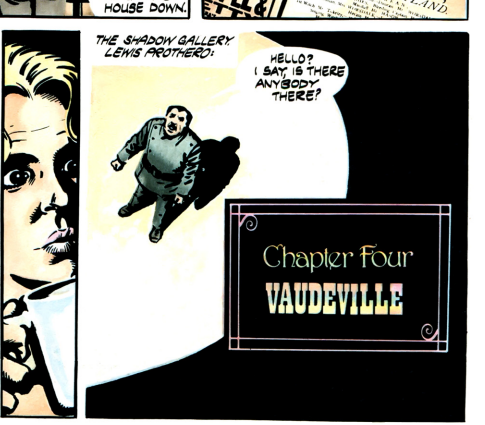
YOU'RE A KIND PERSON, LISTENING TO ME TELLING YOU MY SOB STORY, ALL ABOUT THE WAR, AND MUM AND DAD, ALL ABOUT MY STUPID LIFE.
HAL MONTY
MORECAMBE AND WISE
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, V? THE WORLD IS SO BIG AND HORRIBLE AND THERE'S JUST YOU... AND ME, I SUPPOSE.

YOU AND ME, EVEY. YOU AND ME AGAINST THE WORLD! HA HA HA HA! MELODRAMA, EVEY! ISN'T IT STRANGE HOW LIFE TURNS INTO MELODRAMA?
THAT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO YOU, ISN'T IT? ALL THAT THEATRICAL STUFF.

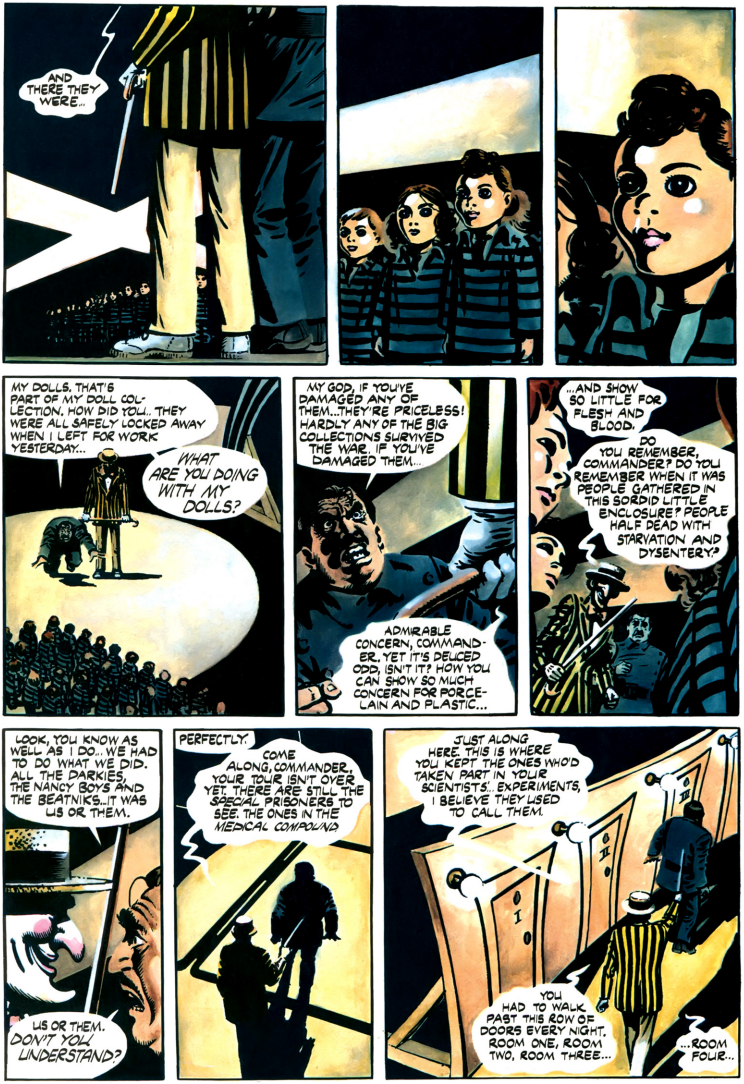
IT'S EVERYTHING, EVEY. THE PERFECT ENTRANCE, THE GRAND ILLUSION.
IT'S EVERYTHING.
... AND I'M GOING TO BRING THE HOUSE DOWN.


"THEY'VE FORGOTTEN THE DRAMA OF IT ALL, YOU SEE. THEY ABANDONED THEIR SCRIPTS WHEN THE WORLD WITHERED IN THE GLARE OF THE NUCLEAR FOOTLIGHTS.
I'M GOING TO REMIND THEM, ABOUT MELODRAMA, ABOUT THE TUPENNY RUSH AND THE PENNY DREADFUL. YOU SEE, EVEY, ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, AND EVERY-THING ELSE...
MACBETH, KING OF SCOTLAND.

...IS VAUDEVILLE.


THE SHADOW GALLERY LEWIS PROTHERO:
HELLO? I SAY, IS THERE ANYBODY THERE?
Chapter Four
VAUDEVILLE

I SUPPOSE YOU THINK ALL THIS IS BLOODY FUNNY ALL THIS RESETTLEMENT CAMP MALARKEY ALL THIS PUTTING ME IN UNIFORM.
WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT YOU'VE GOT A DAMN QUEER SENSE OF HUMOUR.
LARKHILL RESETTLEMENT CAMP
DAMN QUEER.
YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN, CHUMMY. THE RE-SETTLEMENT CAMPS MEAN BUGGER ALL TO ME. BUGGER ALL. YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN!
OH GOD. IS THERE ANYBODY THERE?
GOOD MORNING, CAMPERS.
UNIFORM ALL BRUSHED, PRESSED AND READY FOR DUTY, I SEE. GOOD MAN, COM-MANDER PROTHERO. GOOD MAN.
I...
LET'S GET TO WORK, SHALL WE? THESE CONCENTRATION CAMPS... SORRY... THESE RESETTLEMENT CAMPS DON'T RUN THEM-SELVES, DO THEY?
LOOK. I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE OR HOW YOU GOT THIS BLOODY SILLY IDEA INTO YOUR BONNET, BUT YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN!
I'M A BROADCASTER. I DIDN'T HAVE ANY-THING TO DO WITH THE CON... WITH THE RESETTLEMENT CAMPS. I...
...I, UH...
LARKHILL 1993.
I WAS THERE, COM-MANDER PROTHERO.
YOU WERE TH...
OH GOD
LOOK SMART, COMMANDER. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THE TOUR OF INSPECTION NOW. YOU REMEMBER...
THE WAY YOU USED TO MAKE IT EVERY EVEN-ING. BACK IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.
OH GOD.
ALL COMING BACK TO YOU, EH? THE MAIN BODY OF THE PRISONERS WOULD BE GATHERED IN THE YARD AWAITING YOUR INSPECTION...
YOU SIMPLY HAD TO WALK FROM YOUR OFFICE DOWN PAST THE NISSEN HUTS, TURN THE CORNER...


AND THERE THEY WERE...
MY DOLLS. THAT'S PART OF MY DOLL COLLECTION. HOW DID YOU.. THEY WERE ALL SAFELY LOCKED AWAY WHEN I LEFT FOR WORK YESTERDAY...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY DOLLS?
MY GOD, IF YOU'VE DAMAGED ANY OF THEM...THEY'RE PRICELESS! HARDLY ANY OF THE BIG COLLECTIONS SURVIVED THE WAR. IF YOU'VE DAMAGED THEM...
ADMIRABLE CONCERN, COMMANDER, YET IT'S DEEPLY ODD, ISN'T IT? HOW YOU CAN SHOW SO MUCH CONCERN FOR PORCELAIN AND PLASTIC...
...AND SHOW SO LITTLE FOR FLESH AND BLOOD.
DO YOU REMEMBER, COMMANDER? DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN IT WAS PEOPLE GATHERED IN THIS SORDID LITTLE ENCLOSURE? PEOPLE HALF DEAD WITH STARVATION AND DYSENTERY?
LOOK, YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO... WE HAD TO DO WHAT WE DID. ALL THE DARKIES, THE NANCY BOYS AND THE BEATNIKS...IT WAS US OR THEM.
US OR THEM. DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
PERFECTLY.
COME ALONG, COMMANDER. YOUR TOUR ISN'T OVER YET. THERE ARE STILL THE *SPECIAL* PRISONERS TO SEE. THE ONES IN THE *MEDICAL COMPOUND*
JUST ALONG HERE. THIS IS WHERE YOU KEPT THE ONES WHO'D TAKEN PART IN YOUR SCIENTISTS'.. EXPERIMENTS, I BELIEVE THEY USED TO CALL THEM.
YOU HAD TO WALK PAST THIS ROW OF DOORS EVERY NIGHT. ROOM ONE, ROOM TWO, ROOM THREE...
...ROOM FOUR...

ROOM FIVE
ROOM FIVE? BUT THAT WAS WHERE THEY KEPT... WHERE THEY KEPT...
OH, NO. THAT WAS YOU, WASN'T IT? YOU'RE... YOU'RE THE MAN...
YOU'RE THE MAN FROM ROOM FIVE.
THAT'S RIGHT.
I REMEMBER YOU USED TO CALL OUT TO US SOMETIMES, LITTLE JOKES. YOU HAD A SPECIAL NAME FOR THE MEDICAL BLOCK. YOU USED TO CALL IT THE FUNNY FARM.
I REMEMBER WHAT A GOOD VOICE YOU HAD. I IMAGINE THAT'S WHY THEY PICKED YOU TO DO THE FATE BROADCASTS.
A MAN OF MANY TALENTS, EH, COMMANDER?
AND THEN, OF COURSE, THERE WAS THAT OTHER LITTLE JOB YOU USED TO DO.
THE OVENS, COMMANDER. YOU USED TO WORK THE OVENS.
OH, NO. MY DOLLS. PLEASE ...YOU CAN'T...
PLEASE. I'M BEGGING YOU. PLEASE.
MA--MA.. MA--MA.. MA--MA..
NOT MY DOLLS!
IGNITE
MA--MA.. MA--MA.. MA--MA..

MA'MAAA...
NOOOOOOOOOO
NEW SCOTLAND YARD. LATER:
NEW SCOTLAND YARD
HMM?
OH, HELLO, SARGE. IT'S NEVER THE END OF MY SHIFT ALREADY, IS IT? I WAS JUST...
OH GOD, BUT WHO..?
WHO..?
HELLO, SERGEANT? YES, THIS IS GODDARD, AT THE FRONT. COULD YOU GET OUT HERE, QUICKLY, PLEASE?
YES, I THINK IT'S AN EMERGENCY. YES, I'VE GOT SOMETHING OUT HERE...
NO, I'M NOT SURE WHAT...

JORDAN TOWER, ROGER DASCOMBE!
WHO...? HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU THAT I MUSTN'T BE DISTURBED WHILE...
OH, IT'S YOU.
GOOD OLD BITTER ALMOND. DO COME IN.
IF YOU'VE COME TO TELL ME WHAT A THOROUGHLY MISERABLE JOB YOU'VE MADE OF FINDING POOR LEWIS, THEN SPARE ME THE AGONY. I EXPECTED AS MUCH.
OH, ON THE CONTRARY, ROGER, OLD BOY. WE'VE FOUND HIM.
YOU'VE...?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT.
WHEEL HIM IN, BOYS. OH, WE'VE FOUND HIM ALL RIGHT. OR, AT LEAST...
...WE FOUND WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM.
MA--MA...
L-LEWIS?
THAT'S ALL HE'S SAID FOR THE PAST THREE HOURS. GOOD LUCK WITH TONIGHT'S BROADCAST, ROGER, OLD BOY.
MA--MA... MA--MA...
...MA-MA...
THE VOICE OF FATE IS RECORDED FORTY-EIGHT HOURS IN ADVANCE. THE PRE-RECORDINGS RAN OUT AT TEN O'CLOCK. IT IS NOW ELEVEN.
GOOD EVENING, LONDON. THIS IS THE VOICE OF FATE BROADCASTING ON... UH... 215 AND 285 IN THE MEDIUM WAVE...
AND THE CAPITAL LISTENS. THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG. THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE VOICE OF FATE.
SUCH A SMALL THING TO CAST SUCH A LONG AND UNEASY SHADOW OVER THE FUTURE. FOR WHATEVER THE FUTURE HOLDS, ONE THING IS CERTAIN...
IT JUST WON'T BE THE SAME.

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